

THE LILY.

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Amelia Bloomer

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NO. 5.

POETRY.

Written for the Lily.

The Contrast.

He stood at the altar—and by his side
Was a maiden fair, his blushing bride.
The rite was over—he sealed the vow,
With a kiss upon her snow white brow.
Ah! thought the friends on that happy day,
As he bore her to his home away—
“Oh! that life to them might ever be,
As that bridal morn—from sorrow free.”
Time onward speeds with its fleeting years,
With life's bright dreams its hopes and fears,
And happy are they whose bark may glide,
Safe from the storms, on the passing tide.
But where are those whom we left awhile,
To live in the sunlight of fortune's smile,
In their sunny home 'mid the vine wreathed
bowers?
Has sorrow darkened the joyous hours?
Has aught of grief on the pure heart fell,
Of the kind and gentle Isabel?
Why sits she pale by the lattice now,
With anxious look and care-worn brow?
Oh, ask her not, her heart will burst
With grief, for the love that once was nursed
To life, by him who seemed divine,
He hath learned to love but the sparkling wine!
Yes! Herbert is fallen! and bitter tears
Are shed o'er the hopes of his former years.
He comes not now with a cheerful smile,
As erst her fond heart to beguile;
The lonely hours pass sadly by,
She starts when she hears his footstep nigh,
And their angel child once the father's pride,
Clings closely to her mother's side.
Oh, it is a mournful task to trace
His downward course, his deep disgrace.
And has noble man a God-like soul,
And yet a slave to the poisoned bowl?
Will he list to the chant of that syren's strain,
Till she binds him fast with her iron chain?
Wake! slumberer wake! from the fearful spell,
Ere dark despair sounds your funeral knell.
Oh! who from a fearful doom will save
The victims of rum, from a drunkard's grave?
Is there none to start at the rallying cry?
Can we stand unmoved while our fellows die—
While the demon intemperance marks his prey,
And stalks boldly forth in the glare of day?
Ah no! behold our noble band,
In proud array we see them stand;
The “Daughter's” and “Sons” of noble worth
To rescue the fallen ones of earth;

Already, their triumph song is heard,
And their glorious standard high is reared;
May they still increase, till our land shall be
From the galling chains of its bondage free.
With them has Herbert found a home,
In the paths of shame no more to roam.
Oh! who the unfeigned joy can tell,
Of the now rejoicing Isabel?
Again he cheers the evening hours,
Again her path is bright with flowers,
And long be remembered the happy day
When he turned from the wine, that doth lead
astray.

Clarendon, March 17, 1840.

J. W. G.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Lily.

The Governess.

The Governess! What a crowd of unpleasant thoughts and associations rush upon me, as I write that word, The Governess. What a mass of misery is contained in the title. It reminds me of one, now resting beneath the silent sod, whose sad, but interesting history I will endeavor to relate.

Caroline Allison was the daughter of a wealthy merchant in one of our eastern cities. At the age of twenty-five her father married a very amiable Italian lady, whose affections he had gained while sojourning at the south. He had visited Europe for the purpose of regaining his health, which, at the time, was very poor. Never, I think, have I seen so fine a looking man as Edward Allison, at the time of his marriage. Never have I seen a face which combined so much beauty and intellectuality of expression. The lady of his choice, was not so much remarkable for beauty, as for her sweet sunny disposition, which ever displayed itself in all she did. Although not a striking beauty, there was something exceedingly expressive of her affectionate disposition in her countenance, which invariably attracted the attention and admiration of all who beheld her.

About two years after their marriage, Caroline was born. Only two years had passed, and yet what a change had been wrought, in the once amiable father and husband! On his return from the south, to his native city, after an absence of two years, his old associates crowded around him in abundance. His open and well filled purse was ever ready to lavish its contents upon any amusement which presented itself, and not unfrequently did he return home with eyes blood-shot and face bloated and swollen; the evident effects of a night's dissipation. He was always kind and affectionate to his wife; never addressing her but in tones of love and kindness. He truly loved her, and his affections were reciprocated with all the ardor which is so characteristic of people of that sunny clime. She mourned over

his evenings, spent in the company of the depraved and dissolute, instead of being passed in the society of herself and child; but she always met him with one of her sunny smiles and joyous welcomes, even when her heart was sad and heavy. If she ever spoke reproachfully, it was so mildly that he never repulsed her with coldness; but would resolve to break away from the allurements of vice. But no sooner did he again meet his “old friends” than he was again induced to join their club.

It is unnecessary to follow the reckless career of this man; suffice it to say it was like many other instances of dissipation, commencing by joining clubs, where wine is abundant on their tables, and we soon see the highly gifted man a victim of intemperance. Let us pass over the lapse of years and again take up our story.

At the time Caroline had attained her seventeenth year she was an only child, the idol of her doating parents, and the admiration of both old and young. She had been sent to a boarding school for the five years previous, and she returned to her home a beautiful and accomplished girl, uniting the beauty of her father with the sweet disposition of her mother. To see her was to love her. She was a being of uncommon abilities, and with noble principles. She was truly one every way calculated to inspire the beholder with admiration.

Her absence from home while attending school, had prevented her knowing much of her father's depraved habits, and her mother's letters were never filled with useless repinings. She loved her daughter too well to embitter one moment of her existence. It is true, when making her visits at home during her vacations, she had several times wondered at her father's strange demeanor, and she had noticed his altered appearance, but never did she once think of his being the depraved inebriate he was. She attributed his altered looks to the ravages of time, and his now too often petulant manner to anxiety in his business affairs. Well and truly did that mother deceive her, in this one thing. She who would not willingly deceive her child in any thing, was guilty of practising deceit by screening her husband's true state from her daughter. She strove with all a mother's care, and watched with a parent's vigilant eye, that her child might be saved the disagreeable knowledge that her father whom she loved so well, was a drunkard. Care and anxiety had impaired her health, and she was now but the shadow of her former self. From kindness, her husband had grown morose; and although he loved his wife, he could not bear her mild reproachful look, after a night's dissipation. She had occasionally remonstrated, but it was very differently received now than in their earlier wedded life. He would now repulse her, and with bitter words, hard for that loving wife to bear; she would retire to her room and weep over blighted hopes and blasted anticipations.

Hitherto Caroline's life had been one of happiness, but her mother's failing health induced her

to leave her school and come home to cheer her desponding heart; but nothing could invigorate her diseased frame.

It was then that Caroline learned for the first time, that her father was a confirmed inebriate. She often resolved to remonstrate with him upon his vicious course, but she could never summon resolution to do so. When in his sober moments, his manner toward her was marked with so much gentleness, she could say nothing which she thought would in any way destroy the confidence between them; and when she saw him under the effects of ardent spirits, he was so stern she shuddered at approaching the subject. She strove to cheer her mother, and encourage her to hope; but consumption, that disease so prevalent in this country, had gained a firm hold upon her, and she had no desire to live except for her child.

Her husband had squandered nearly all of his once large property, and although they yet retained their splendid house and other appearances of wealth, yet creditors were becoming clamorous and now when he should have put forth his efforts to save his property, he only indulged the more frequently in the wine cup to drown his care. Caroline knew nothing of her father's business, as he never mentioned it in his family.

He had of late noticed his wife's increasing failure, and became alarmed. He urged her to try change of air; but to this she objected, and he finally desisted urging her, as the thought seemed to give her pain. She failed very rapidly, and at the expiration of two months, from Caroline's return home, she was numbered among the dead. Oh! the sorrow of that young heart, as she saw her mother laid in the cold earth. She felt as one alone, and without kindred, for her father she feared would still continue his life of dissipation. But in this she was disappointed. Mr. Allison felt deeply the loss of his idolized wife. In her last moments she had besought him to leave his vicious course and forgive him—freely forgave him, his unkindness. It was then he knew from her own lips, how much she had suffered at heart, even while her lips complained not. It was then he knew that his conduct had preyed upon her heart, and she had become the victim of disease. The ravages of a life of dissipation had served to enfeeble his constitution, and grief at his wife's death, mingled with self-reproach, served to throw him into a fever from which he never recovered.

Beautiful, Caroline had ever been, but her beauty had acquired that soft pensive expression which betokens grief, and rendered her expression still more lovely. Now it was that she learned the true state of her father's affairs, and sadly did the truth force itself upon her that she was a dependent orphan. True, there were those who offered her a home, but she was too proud to be dependent on the bounty of others, while the ability to gain sustenance for herself remained. But what could she do? She was not long in deciding. She had talents and accomplishments, and she could employ them to gain a livelihood.

At length an opportunity presented itself, and she accepted the situation of Governess, at a small salary. But little, very little, did that gentle girl know what she would encounter from the selfishness which characterizes a large portion of society. Well was she qualified to teach every branch which was required of her. Well did I say?—Yes, as regards education and talents she was; but for that frail delicate girl to be confined through the day in a pent up room, with a group of troublesome children, was too much for her feeble constitution. This I learned from her own lips. I had not seen my gentle friend from the time of her mother's death; and two years after when I returned from abroad, my first inquiry was for my much loved associate. I ascertained her residence, and called to see her. She instantly recognized me, and when I addressed her in tones of endearment, such as I was accustomed to in our earlier days, she burst into tears. She who had been accustomed to words of coldness and indifference, and had preserved a haughty indif-

ference to all such, was melted to tears by a few words of kindness from a friend.

When her grief had in some degree subsided, she informed me that her life as governess was tedious, not only on account of the labor she had to perform, but she had found herself deserted by those who once deemed it an honor to bask in the sunshine of her presence. And oh! the heart-rending hours of loneliness, as the sad truth forced itself upon her that the once rich and accomplished Caroline Allison, and the now humble governess were two in the eyes of the selfish world. She had been compelled to tolerate things hard to bear, and the insults heaped upon her by the family wherein she resided, all had served to wear upon her constitution, and she was now obliged to lie down the greater part of the day.

I could hardly bring myself to think, while looking upon the now faded, feeble looking girl, that I was gazing upon the once bright and beautiful Caroline Allison. I knew by the hollow cough, which very frequently attacked her, that she was doomed to be an early victim for the tomb. I offered her a home with me, which she gladly accepted; but the most tender and assiduous care, with the most able medical assistance, could not stay the disease which had made such inroads on her constitution. In her conversation with me, she often alluded to the many trials which a governess encountered, and necessity compelled them to endure; and frequently have I heard her remark, that next to the vice of intemperance she ranked the heartless selfishness which characterize people of the higher classes, and the manner in which they treat those, whose misfortune it is to be a hireling. Her last moments were peaceful and happy, but the lesson I learned from her, it would do well for every one to remember, namely to guard against selfishness.

Phelps, April 10, 1849.

From the Poughkeepsie Journal and Eagle.

Smoking and Snuffing.

From a work on "Etiquette and the usages of Society," I copy the following sensible remarks, which I have no doubt will please many of your readers, and I will thank you to insert them in your paper.

"SMOKING.—If you are so unfortunate as to have contracted the base habit of smoking, be careful to practice it under certain restrictions: at least so long as you are desirous of being considered fit for civilized society.

The first mark of a gentleman is a sensitive regard for the feelings of others; therefore, smoke where it is least likely to prove offensive by making your clothes smell; then wash your mouth and brush your teeth. What man of delicacy could presume to address a lady with his breath smelling of onions? Yet tobacco is equally odious. The tobacco smoker in public, is the most selfish animal imaginable. He perseveres in contaminating the pure and fragrant air, careless whom he annoys, and is but the benefiting inmate of a tavern.

Smoking in the streets, or in a theatre, is only practiced by shop-boys, pseudo-fashionables, and the "SWELL MOB."

All songs that you may see written in magazines or newspapers, in praise of smoking, or hear sung upon the stage, are puffs paid for by the proprietors of cigar divans and tobacco shops, to make their trade popular; therefore never believe nor be deluded by them. Never be seen in cigar divans or billiard rooms; they are frequented at least by an equivocal set. Nothing good can be gained there, and a man loses his respectability by being seen entering or coming out of such places.

SNUFF.—As snuff taking is merely an idle, dirty habit, practiced by stupid people in the unavailing endeavor to clear their solid intellect, and is not a custom particularly offensive to their neighbors, it may be left to each individual's taste, as to whether it be continued or not. An "elegant" cannot take much snuff without decidedly "losing caste."

"Doctor," said an old gentleman, who was an inveterate snuff-taker, to a physician, "is it true that snuff destroys the olfactory nerves, clogs, and otherwise injures the brain?"

"It cannot be true," was the caustic reply, "since those who have any brains never take snuff at all."

Perhaps, in this day when smoking and snuffing are rapidly increasing, and you can scarcely enter a store, shop, office or study, or even walk the streets, without finding your stomach nauseated, and your garments saturated with the offensive effluvia of tobacco, the above hints may be of service. You know that many who indulge in these disgusting practices profess to be gentlemen, and in other respects are; but by what law of etiquette has a GENTLEMAN a right to render the atmosphere poisonous and disagreeable to me? Would he be willing to have me eat food seasoned with garlics, or have my handkerchief saturated with assafetoda, previous to my going to visit him? By no means he would say; but then I hope you do not compare a fine Havana cigar, or some good Macaboy snuff to garlics and assafetoda! Certainly I do; and I would as soon be compelled to take the breath of one whose taste ran in the garlic and assafetoda line, as the breath of a confirmed slave to tobacco, whether a snuffier, smoker or chewer. Indeed I can conceive of no more nauseating an exhalation, than that which proceeds from the fauces of an established snuff-taker. The wonder to me is, that these users of tobacco in every form, are not always sick at their stomachs, from their own "emetic" odor.

Intemperance—An Extract.

It is astonishing what changes intemperance causes in families. I have known a youthful couple settled in life, with the most brilliant prospects; residing in a pleasant dwelling; with every comfort around them; many friends smiling upon them; while their pure characters excited the respect of community. I have seen the happiness of that family turned into misery; their pleasant dwelling exchanged for a hovel; their comforts swallowed up in the bitterness of poverty; their friends, business, character and respect, all gone. I have seen madness and death come among them, consigning some to the grave, and scattering the rest to the four winds.

What has been the cause of all this? The horrid evil embraced in the one word, *intemperance*. By slow, but certain approaches, it casts the chains around the husband of a fond and virtuous wife—it gradually pulled his intellect and brutalized his affections—it led him into bad company, and destroyed his attention to business—it made him sour, morose and cruel—it made him reckless of the respect of community, of good manners, of decent appearance—it sowed the seed of disease in his whole frame, destroyed his property, brought him to poverty and vice—it often sent him home staggering in his filthy habits, with curses upon his lips, and while his wife, with the affection that never dies in the soul of the true woman, is preparing coarse food which poverty sparingly deals out, he beats her; as though to endure him was not enough—and it at last crushes him with the horror of insanity into a premature grave—while his wife, if she dies not before the ignoble winding up of her companion's career, is left to be sustained by the stunted charities of the world, exclaiming in the language of one who suffered before her:

"—Peace, peace to my heart!

'Tis almost o'er. A few more stormy blasts,
And then this shatter'd sickly frame will fall,
And sweetly slumber, where the weary rest;
The wicked cease from troubling."

Call you this fancy?—a dream? In the span of my days, I have seen it all.

Such is the incalculable wretchedness produced in families by intemperance, that I have frequently wished that intoxicating drinks had never been made. But as men have made them, our only remedy is to cage them up, as we cage up a roaring lion, by a moral power whose motto is, "TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT."

From the Connecticut Fountain.

The following impromptu lines were written last Summer to a lady, who inquired of the author, why he looked so sad at a social party.

Why Look So Sad?

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY

You ask me why I look so sad,
Whilst friends are singing songs of cheer?
I used to be as gay and glad,
As any bean or belle that's here.
I thought of home, sweet home, just then,
Where mother called me to her side,
And kissed me, o'er and o'er again,
Then gently closed her eyes, and died!

I looked a-down the track of time,
To when I was a poor pale boy.
Then up again to manhood's prime,
Its rain and shine—its grief and joy.
'Twas but a few short years ago,
I to the bridal altar led
An angel, and she loved me so
That we, mid smiles and tears, were wed.

And then I was the happiest man,
That ere was blest with woman's love;
The stream of life so smoothly ran,
I envied not the blest above,
But sickness came and stole away
The beauty of my lovely bride;
As sinks the sun at close of day
She sank in pleasant dreams, and died!

Written for the Lily.

The Nebular Theory.

SECTION IV.

In a former section, we spoke of heat, enshrouded in the bowels of these masses of matter, exciting the magnetic current, and bringing about the convulsions before described. It may be asked how do we know that such heat ever existed? We will answer this by stating some known facts in relation to the present condition of the earth.

No branch of science is so full of instruction—no field of research among animate or vegetable substance, so absorbing as the wonders disclosed, in examining the crust and internal construction of our globe. We observe the wrecks of commotion at every turn of adventure. Whole mountains in melted mass have been upheaved from measureless depths, and huge rocks thrust upward hundreds of feet to be buffeted by the lightning and storms of centuries. Again islands have arisen from the bed of the ocean of miles in circumference, becoming the abodes of life, by the force of this agency, while every year continues to present new phases to the surface of the globe.

Philosophical investigation declares that we are standing on the thin brittle surface of a huge fiery abyss, but a step as it were from a furnace a thousand times hotter than any of man's construction. Thermometrical experiment shows us that temperature increases by one degree for every forty-two feet, in penetrating the earth vertically; consequently six miles in depth would make iron red hot, at twelve miles melted, at forty platinum fused, and at forty-eight miles every substance known would present a confused mingling of elements, liquid, as billows, and moved about by collecting gasses—shaking the earth, or disgoring at some opening its restless fires. Now the earth's diameter being about 8000 miles, the proportion that forty-eight miles bears to this is trifling, being one to a hundred and sixty-six. This proportion brought more within our comprehension, may be likened to the thin skin of an orange, representing the crust of the earth, and all beneath the burning mass of the earth's body. Mountains of five miles

in height, would be as the natural ridges upon the orange, altering no more its general convexity, than do these waving lines upon this fruit.

Such is the fearful condition of that body upon which we walk, with such seeming safety. But we are forced to believe that the earth was once in a much higher temperature than at present.—Fossil animals of enormous magnitudes have been discovered in now frigid regions, whose habits were herbivorous, again vegetable matter of the fossil kind, is much larger than that now growing in any part of the world; reeds that now scarcely reach twelve feet, once grew sixty feet high.—Timber of the forest attained not only three or four times its present capacity, but grew much more abundantly, especially those kinds that required a high temperature to perfect. Not only do the vegetable and animal kingdoms furnish incontrovertible proof of former increased temperature, but we have the marks of its agency on every hand. The most sublime spectacle of its power is now seen in the wrecks of disaster, extending the whole length of America. The commotion commencing in southern Patagonia, ploughed through the continent, elevating the Isthmus of Darien, and throwing the stony mountains from the bottom of the sea, and finally making an escape valve to the angry gasses that had wrought a world-round travel, broke, with a crash almost to startle distant worlds, beneath the present bed of Lake Superior. After this discharge a subsidence took place, making the basin of that renowned lake. Keewenaw Point and a ridge running some twenty miles in a south-west direction, give evidence of being the seat of the greatest force, yielding for example, copper more abundantly than any other region of equal extent on the globe, and it is well known that this metal is sought for in lower depths than all others. Here the rich virgin metal was cast up in a melted state, into the crevices of rocks, and sustained in quantities of many tons, where they may now be examined and studied, as evidence of one of the most sublime effects of heat that man can comprehend.

For the Lily.

One way to close a Rum-Shop.

John Smith sold Rum because he loved the money he gained by it. Gold and silver, aye, and copper, too, were his gods. Often did he declare, that whatever people would buy he would keep for sale. The consequences flowing from the traffic in intoxicating drinks never troubled him. When appealed to on that subject, he stoutly maintained that he was not responsible for them, that people would drink whiskey, and that if he did not sell it to them, somebody else would, and, with this and similar arguments he satisfied himself, or pretended to do so, that he was not engaged in a dishonorable calling.

Besides dealing in all kinds of strong drinks, Smith carried on quite an extensive grocery business. Almost every article kept at such places could be found at his store or shop. He sold on favorable terms, was honorable and accommodating in his dealings, and although he was engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks, he yet numbered among his customers, many, very many of those who viewed that portion of his business with abhorrence.

Various means were resorted to by the friends of Temperance, to induce Smith to discontinue the Rum traffic. They tried to convince him of the wickedness of the business, and of the terrible results flowing from its prosecution. They pictured to him the homes made desolate, the children made orphans, the blasted hopes and crushed spirits, which it brought upon its victims. But on all these points his heart was steelled.—As long as people would buy he would sell, and upon others, not him, must rest the responsibility. Law was also tried. Suits for violation of the Excise Laws were prosecuted against him, but aided by the quibbles and delays which well fed lawyers, and wine drinking judges, were able to throw in the way, Smith generally managed to

foil the efforts of his prosecutors. Occasionally when a small fine was imposed upon him, he paid it off cheerfully, declaring that he could well afford to pay half a dozen of them each year for the sake of going on with the traffic.

All this time, the Temperance men of the place continued to patronize Smith's establishment.—To it they went to buy their tea and sugar. They had no hesitation in selling to him their butter and eggs. But a change was going on in men's minds, on this subject. Some bold reformers hesitated not, to denounce rum selling as a crime—a crime against all law both human and divine. Many were at first startled at this doctrine. They were not willing to place the rum seller on a footing with the thief, the burglar and the highwayman. But it rapidly gained converts, and ere long the true and fearless friends of Temperance became fully convinced of its truth.

One step more remained to be taken. If the rum traffic was criminal, then it was plainly wrong to encourage and support those who were engaged in it. It followed therefore that Temperance men ought not to trade longer at Smith's grocery. Long and anxious were the debates on the subject. Many temperance meetings were held to consider it, and the discussion was able and exciting. Many feared that this was "going too far." They got up a hundred excuses for patronizing the rum shop. But the reformers triumphed. A resolution was adopted, declaring in substance that the friends of Temperance would not in any form, trade with or patronize those who were engaged in selling intoxicating liquors.

A Temperance grocery and recess were immediately opened, kept by a true hearted Son of Temperance, where all the articles (strong drink alone excepted) could be obtained, which Smith had furnished to his customers. The friends of sobriety, having put their hands to the work, determined not to turn back. They lived up to their resolution. They abandoned the Rum shop, and were no longer guilty of the strange inconsistency of countenancing and sustaining a business which they abhorred.

The result of these proceedings may be easily imagined. Smith was soon left alone with his Rum customers. The decent, sober, and respectable part of the community abandoned him. He was soon terribly alarmed. His business fell off amazingly. He loved money, not rum. Rum he sold because he could make money by so doing, but, the moment this inducement for continuing the traffic was gone he was willing to give it up. This he soon did. He sold or got rid of his liquors as speedily as possible, and was the first and loudest to proclaim the change. And before three months had passed from the time when the friends of Temperance adopted a resolution not to trade with those who were engaged in selling strong drinks, the small but pleasant village of C—— was without a Rum Shop.

DEATH FROM GIN-DRINKING.—William Regan obtained access to a barrel of gin on Central Wharf, Friday night, and drank himself dead drunk. He was taken to the Centre Watch, in Court Square, where he died in three hours after he was picked up. Previous to his death, Dr. Drew pumped from his stomach more than a pint of raw gin—but the poison had been too long in his system, when he was discovered, to allow the successful application of any restoratives. Regan was 35 years of age, and leaves a widow and three children residing at the corner of Wharf and Well streets.

DRUNKENNESS.—A man when drunk fell into a kettle of boiling brine at Liverpool, Onondaga co., and was scalded to death.

An Englishman by the name of Bennett, was found lying dead in his bed, at Buffalo, a few days since. He had been somewhat intemperate, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death by delirium tremens.

Written for the Lily.

Sigh Not.

Our present hours unnumbered fly,
We dream of future bliss,
Unnoticed fade, neglected die,
The flowers that bloom in this.
Sigh not, sigh not, life's on the wing,
The present's all our own;
Vain thoughts of all that time may bring,
Can ne'er its loss atone.
Away, away, with care to-day,
The winds may do your sighing;
Time's but a short and fleeting dream,
Enjoy it while it's flying.

Youth fades like autumn's dying leaf,
And soon old age creeps on;
Joy e'en is turning into grief,
And hopes, to spectres wan.
Alas! the flower's are few that bloom,
In life's dark weary way;
And they are frail and wither soon,
Oh, pluck them while you may.
Away, away, with care to day,
The winds may do your sighing;
Time's but a short and fleeting dream,
Enjoy it while it's flying.

Albion, N. Y.

R. H. B.

For the Lily.

Pencil Sketches, No. 1.

BY IRENE.

Two young ladies, just graduated from a distinguished seminary, returned to their homes in the city of D—. Both had gained the highest honors that could be awarded. Both were intelligent, accomplished, beautiful, and the daughters of wealthy parents. But here the similitude ended.

Estelle Williams was gay, fond of dress, and eager to become a star in the world of fashion. Mary Ashton on the contrary, was retiring and quiet, but cheerful; her soul filled with aspirations of a brighter nature; her heart chastened by the love of God. Thus they entered upon the scenes of life.

A brilliant assemblage filled the elegant drawing-rooms of a fashionable mansion. Gaiety and mirth prevailed, but Estelle was gayer than all. Intoxicated with the admiration and homage yielded to her she sought to try her power. There was one among the throng whom she believed loved her devotedly. A brother of Mary's who lately, through the influence of the sister whom he idolized, had been won from the scenes of dissipation, to which young men of wealth resort at first to free themselves from ennui, then indulge in from habit, and finally from the cravings of an irresistible appetite. By the unremitted exertions and the gentle influence of the spiritual-minded Mary, that brother was rescued before too late. Estelle knew it, but she deemed such principles to be puritanical—over-nice, and ridiculed the idea of such a man as Edward Ashton being unable to control himself.

"What harm in a glass of champagne now and then? None at all! It imparts a glowing vivacity to the spirits and makes one's ideas flow so delightfully and to sparkle with wit and brilliancy. One cannot dispense with it either as long as it is the fashion; besides it naturally accompanies dancing and whist-playing, and to think of a party without these amusements would be—oh! how intolerably stupid!"

With such opinions, no wonder the infatuated girl did not hesitate to gratify her vanity by wishing to behold the resolves of a strong man yield under her fascinations, that would bend to none other. Repeatedly she saw Ashton decline the proffered wine. Now thought she "I'll see

what I can do." Touching his arm lightly she said with a soft, pleading voice,

"You won't refuse this from me will you?" and lightly poising the goblet with its glittering contents, the beautiful tempter stood before him. Never had she seemed so dazzlingly bright—so bewitchingly beautiful. She bent gracefully towards him, with her full beaming eye fastened smilingly upon his. Bewildered, scarcely knowing what he did, he received the sparkling, overflowing cup, and with a slight inclination and wave of the hand, he whispered,

"I yield all to you."

As he raised it to his lips an agonizing voice rang clear and loud, with but the one word,

"Edward!"

For an instant there was perfect silence and then,

"What is it?"

"What is it?" was buzzed through the crowd.

No one knew—no one could explain and it was quickly forgotten as they moved again to the dance.

One who stood by Mary Ashton as she sat within the recess of a deep casement, had followed her eye, as it rested with intensity upon her brother in the distance. He saw the expression of agony that flitted across her fair face and heard the call that came from her lips, when she had forgotten all else, but that her brother was yielding to the tempter. In that moment of silence she saw him replace the glass untasted, and she was herself again. Quiet, calm and composed she returned to the saloons and none supposed that under that mild, dignified and cold exterior, there beat a heart capable of intense emotion.

The assemblage began to disperse and as Mary came from the dancing-room she met Estelle in the hall. Approaching her and taking both hands in hers, she said in low, earnest tones,

"Estelle, beware how you misuse the gifts God has bestowed upon you! You who might accomplish much good, by exerting rightly the holy influence which belongs to woman—look to it well, what use you are making of that influence. But, whatever else you do Estelle, never dare to tempt my brother again!"

Before Estelle could reply, Mary was gone. That night she poured forth her gratitude to God that her brother had not fallen, and committed him to His care.

Years passed with their countless changes, and every year memory left a page for the inner soul to ponder upon, with burning words written upon it, "Behold thy work." Mary looked upon hers with a happy peaceful spirit, and thanked God that He had guided her, made her the humble instrument of good, and permitted her to behold the wide spread results of her influence upon many with whom she had mingled.

But Estelle! The light had faded from her eye; the bloom had fled from her cheek; joy and gladness had spirited from her heart. She gazed upon her pages with crushed hopes and bitter regrets. She saw the ruin she had wrought there—and there—and there, and she saw too that she had wrecked her own happiness with the rest, but too late. There was no balm for her wounded heart. Her spirit was not with God.

We all have heart-books and memory turns the leaves for us, and traces with untiring finger the effect of our influence for good, or for evil. Let us look to it then, *how we use it.*

Auburn, March, 1849.

Written for the Lily.

Female Education.

Education in some form, is a theme of daily pursuit among all classes. The wealthy educate for show—for ornament. The disciplinarian educates with an object to strengthen and discipline the mind. The professional man is educated with reference to his particular profession; the mechanic for his trade; and all, or nearly all, with reference to one object—one occupation. It is seldom considered that education has three prominent objects. First, as a mere exercise of intel-

lectual powers; the strengthening and discipline of the mind for action; and in this respect, it matters little what the study is, provided it is a culture to call out the faculties, to form a habit of attention and concentration, and to bring the powers of the mind entirely under the control of the will. The second is a matter of ornament and luxury, and personal gratification. Education tends to give refinement and elegance to the manners, and character; and places within the reach of its possessor innumerable means and sources of pleasure: yet though it is called liberal by a large portion of those who enjoy its advantages, it seems to serve only as a means of personal ambition and vanity, or of selfish indulgence or gratification. But the third and highest object of education is, that of forming the mind and character, to every thing that is useful or manly, developing the physical powers in their highest degree of perfection, and seeking a correspondent development of the intellectual and moral man;—preparing him for the practical duties of practical life; to provide for his own subsistence, and the welfare and the subsistence of others; to advance civilization; to increase the wealth of the community; to adorn and embellish society, by all the arts which ingenuity can invent, and to contribute to the general comfort; and to multiply and extend the means of enjoyment and improvement, and further the progress of mankind in all that is useful and good. For these objects, education cannot be too practical. That they are not sufficiently kept in view in the education of either sex, is quite evident. But this neglect is far more apparent in the education of females than in that of males. It might almost be said that whatever education they do receive is for the benefit of others, while themselves form but a secondary consideration. The incalculably great evil influence in any community which the ignorance of its women must engender, and the certainty of a truly enlightened race of women producing in their turn a still more enlightened race of men, are philanthropically good reasons for doing away with the public neglect and indifference, which have ever prevented women from obtaining as substantial and practical an education as is within the reach of man. But I am far from admitting these to be the only, or indeed the most important reasons for adopting a more liberal, and less partial system of education. The intrinsic value of the human mind, and its infinite capacity for improvement, are the true reasons for its cultivation in woman no less than man. The first reason for the education of every mind should be its own development. We are too much inclined to urge the enlightenment of women, as a sure means of improving man, rather than as in itself an intrinsic excellence, with the conviction that every mind should be educated for its own development. If, as is asserted, woman is more feeble of intellect than man, and has less power to grasp the truth, on that very account she needs all the advantages which education can confer. A proper education is not so much the learning of a large number of facts, as that direction which shows the mind its own powers, and assists it to use them effectively. The education of girls, although it has a tendency to store the mind with facts, evidently is not calculated to expand and develop it. In general, instead of being encouraged to use their own powers, if they dare so far depart from the narrow bounds prescribed by that strong law custom, and express an independent thought, it is quickly repressed. Why is this so universally the case? Is woman utterly incapable of independent thought—of originality? Or have we willingly, for so long a time, received an error for truth, that we are incapable of judging what the capabilities of woman are, if allowed their proper direction? If the latter is true, let us, as a sex, speedily endeavor to resume the position designed by our Creator for us to occupy.

Port Byron, April 12th.

Ann.

The hypocrite pays tribute to God that he may impose on men.

God heals and the doctor takes the fees.

Although intemperance in some localities seems to be, and doubtless is, on the increase, yet we think there are unmistakeable evidencies that a day is rapidly approaching when the cause will rejoice in new and enduring triumphs. The result of the recent license election in Vermont, is one of these signs of approaching day. In that state a majority in favor of licenses last year, has this year been changed into a majority of 12,000 against the legalized sale of strong drinks. In Maine, Massachusetts, and indeed in all the New England States, the march of the Temperance cause is onward. Laws are passed, and to a good extent put in force, against the traffic in Rum. The city of Boston, has by its Common Council, refused license to grog shops of any description. In the Western states, the work is going on gloriously. One branch of the Ohio Legislature, at its late session, directed a law to be reported, repealing all laws legalizing the sale of intoxicating drinks, thus leaving only those in force which prohibit such sale entirely. Iowa at its first organization as a State, provided for submitting the question of license directly to the people. The people in nearly every section voted No License, and the consequence has been that the county jails and state Penitentiary are without inmates. Even in our own state, which seems to have been locked more strongly than any other in the embrace of the Moloch of Intemperance, the committee of the Legislature having the matter in charge, reported a bill at its late session, to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage. True, the subject was not acted upon in either house, yet that such a bill should be even reported, furnishes good ground to hope that the day is not distant when New York will be arrayed by the side of Vermont and Massachusetts, in a common effort to expel Intemperance from its borders.

Another source of encouragement is found in the fact, that the community begin to understand more fully the awful sinfulness of the rum traffic, and to see and feel the necessity for applying remedies for its overthrow more stringent than those heretofore adopted. Rumselling is a crime. Men who are engaged in it at the present day, are guilty before God and man of deeds which may well be classed amongst the most destructive of any by which the human family has ever been afflicted. And these terrible offences must be considered—must be treated as other offences of similar enormity are considered and treated. Gentle means—moral suasion alone, will no more work out the shutting up of the grog shop, than they will protect society from the depredations of the thief and the highwayman. Against these last classes of offenders, we have laws severe and stringent, in order that our lives and our property may be secure. So also must we have laws to protect the people from the scathing, blighting evils of the rum traffic. And of this truth the minds of men are becoming more and more convinced, and hence the cry now is, in Maine and in Iowa—in Vermont and in Ohio—in New York and in Mississippi—in all sections of our country

—protect us, protect our children from the sale of intoxicating drinks, by wise and effective laws.

Courage, then, friends of Temperance! Be not discouraged by the obstacles we have to contend against. Remain at your posts—labor on—labor ever, and the day will yet come when our labors will be crowned with enduring success, and when in the universal adoption of habits of Temperance and sobriety, we shall be abundantly repaid for all our toils.

The Gentleman Wine Drinker.

It is not the poor man who labors hard through the day that he may have the wherewith to degrade and debase himself at night—it is not the degraded drunken outcast from society, who staggers through the streets, and makes his bed in the mire and filth of the gutter—it is not from such as these that the venders of liquid poison and legalized death obtain their support. It is not these that give respectability to the business of wholesale ruin, misery and death. If none but the low and destitute drunkard were found to sustain this traffic, it would soon cease to exist. But it is not so. There are others who go hand in hand with these depraved outcasts in its support.

Those calling themselves gentlemen, and claiming the highest respectability—those to whom wealth and talents have been given—those who should be patterns of morality and goodness—who should be foremost to relieve our land from this curse—who should be ever ready to succor the oppressed—these are they, who uphold and sustain the cruel and deadly work. It is the gentlemen wine drinkers who stand in the way of the temperance reform. They who now hold their heads high and claim respect from all.—They look with contempt upon the bloated, staggering drunkard, yet what better are they? Are they not treading the same path? Was not that loathsome and despised one, once as great a gentleman as they?

We think the whiskey drunkard is worthy of as much respect as the wine drunkard, and we believe the latter is far more guilty than the former. Intemperance would soon be among the things that have been, if there were no gentlemen (?) drunkards to give it their sanction and support, and to use their influence to shield the destroyer from the vengeance of the law. It is a shame to the people of an enlightened and christian land, that laws allowing so cruel and devastating a work to be carried on, should be allowed to stand upon our statute books, and that men claiming to be human—claiming to be civilized—claiming to be christians, will stand up and defend such laws, and use their money and influence to prevent their repeal.

It is strange to us that it is so. Men who might make to themselves an imperishable name—who might cause the hearts of thousands of the destitute and dying to rejoice, and call down the blessings of heaven upon them—who might restore peace and plenty to the sorrowful and famishing victims of intemperance, and cause joy and gladness to illumine their darksome way—instead of doing this, they are lending their influence, their talents, their wealth, to sustain this destructive foe, which is gathering in its withering embrace one after another of the fair and

promising youth of our land, to blacken and destroy their fair fame, their peace of mind, their eternal happiness.

You are going too far!

This is a frequent exclamation with those who are fearful that their pockets, or their appetites will suffer, should the friends of temperance accomplish their desired object, and obtain a law prohibiting entirely the sale of intoxicating drinks, and thereby reclaim the poor victim of intemperance, and snatch the young and unsuspecting from the grasp of the destroyer. True, there are some of those who raise this cry, who claim to be the friends of temperance, but say that all must be done by moral suasion. But are they in reality friends to the cause? When or where do they, by word or deed, show themselves to be such? Never. They are not with us, at heart, or they would think nothing we can say or do too much, when warring against so great a curse.—They are leagued indirectly with the open opposer, and the habitual drunkard, in a crusade against the onward march of the glorious temperance cause.

In the view of those who raise this cry, we are going too far, because we would save the erring from the fearful doom which awaits them. We are going too far because we would recall to peace and happiness the wretched, wandering outcast, who has been stripped of all he possessed and left to perish, unpitied, and uncared for. We are going too far, because we would restore a husband to the sorrowing, heart broken wife, and a father to the worse than orphan children. We are going too far, because we would save our fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers, from the infamy and disgrace of a drunkard's life.

It were well if these defenders of the rum traffic were the only ones upon whom its curses were visited; but it is not so. The wife and family of the drunkard must suffer with him, and they are generally the greatest sufferers. Who can wonder that they feel deeply on the subject of temperance? Who can wonder that they look upon the rumseller with feelings akin to hate?—Talk not to them of "moral suasion!" Tell them not that they are going too far, or that they are too bitter in their denunciations against those agents of death!—Are they not stripping them of all they hold dear? Are they not robbing them of the food and clothing necessary to keep them from perishing? Are they not loading them with bitter sorrow, and sending them and theirs to premature and dishonored graves? Go ask the drunkard's wife and children if the advocates of intemperance are going too far. Go ask the sorrowing, heart-stricken mother, who sees the son of her love sacrificed upon the altar of intemperance, and become a blighted, blasted thing, if the friends of temperance are going too far. Go ask the bereaved wife and children of D. D. Titus, whose recent cruel and heart rending death is fresh in our minds, if temperance people go too far when they say that those who gave to him the poison which deprived him of reason and caused his untimely death, are guilty of murder. We believe that in the sight of God they are thus guilty.

Had they given him arsenic, or other poison, from the effects of which he died, the law would hold them accountable for the deed. And why

not now? Was not his death as surely caused by the poison which they did give him? How then can law justify the deed? While in the one case the life of the one who gave the poison would be required by law to atone for the life he had taken,—in the other case he will be allowed by law, to go on slaying his victims, and receive a certificate of good moral character to justify his deeds.

De Forest.

As you have not given us your real name, we have no way of replying to you except through our paper. We will briefly reply to your note.

We at first thought of merely declining your article, but concluded it best to give our reasons for doing so. It was done in all kindness and without a wish to injure your feelings, or discourage you in your attempts at composition.

You say that you had the impression that an editor always corrected articles sent him before going to press, even to the re-writing of whole articles. In this you are wrong. Persons writing for publication should prepare their pieces for the press. It is not the business of an editor to re-write them—were it so, he might better write his own articles in the first place; then they would be more to his mind, and save the trouble of copying. Some of the communications sent us, we are obliged to correct and prune, before publishing, but we could do nothing with yours short of re-writing it. Had we done this, the article would not be yours, but ours, as we should have treated the subject very differently. You say, "it is hardly to be supposed that one who writes but seldom, from the press of domestic cares, could clothe his ideas as elegantly and properly, as one whose time is wholly occupied in that business." True, and for that reason he should not consider himself as competent to decide upon the merits of what he does write. You ask us to "put on the cloak of charity." We have done so, and carefully re-read the article in question;—we cannot see that we were uncharitable in declining it, or in giving our reasons for so doing. We wish to deal in all fairness with our correspondents, and instead of discouraging, would encourage and aid them, in their endeavors to cultivate a taste for writing and composition; and we cordially invite all to contribute to our columns. Some articles may be refused—probably will; but the writing of them, by calling the thoughts into action, may be a benefit to the writers, and practice may result in perfection.

We have no talents ourselves of which to boast. Our writings are poor enough, and we shrink from hearing the criticisms of our readers upon them. We are very sensible that we have neither the experience or qualifications necessary for the important station we fill; but having assumed a position we shall maintain it, to the best of our ability. We may sometimes err in our decision, but while we have the control and direction of the Lily, we must be allowed the privilege of judging of the fitness or unfitness of articles sent us for publication.

You express a doubt as to the incorrectness of your spelling. Now although we "have not consulted a dictionary,"—we have not forgotten what our spelling book taught us in our girlhood, and according to its teachings, you have spelled no less

than a dozen words incorrectly, in the note last sent us. But it is not your spelling particularly that we object to; that we could have corrected.

You ask us to "oblige" you by re-writing the article in question, "that you may see where you were deficient." We would willingly write on the same subject if there is anything to be gained by it; but never having experienced any of the trials of which you complain, we fear that we should not do justice to the subject. But we make you this proposal. Please call upon us, and we will sit down with you, and carefully review the article—dictionary in hand—if you please. We will point out to you our objections, and show you where we think you "deficient." After having examined it, if it is your wish, we will publish it in the June number. If you do not see fit to call, but will notify us that such is your request, we will insert it as it is. Perhaps this would be the better way, as then our readers could judge between us. We have thus replied as well as our limits will permit to your remarks. We hope it will prove satisfactory, or at least convince you that we meant not to be "unkind."

Beware, young man, of those moral pitfalls which you see around you on every hand, in the shape of fashionable Recresses, and "Holes in the Wall." They are traps set for your destruction. The spring is hidden from your sight, but the moment you step upon it, you are in danger.—They will corrupt your morals—debase your passions, and blunt your affections. Shun them then, as you would the pestilence, and seek instead, the society of the virtuous and good. Endeavor to become worthy of the respect and confidence of your fellow men, and make yourselves bright examples for those who shall come after you.

To Correspondents.

R. H. B.—We give place to one of your "songs" in this number; the others in our next. Those last sent, came too late for this month.

L. A. M. J.—You are welcome. Let us hear from you often. The article sent in March we did not receive.

IRENE.—We shall depend upon yours from you.

S. R.—Happy to hear from you at any time.

J. F.—You will find your article on our first page. Please excuse us for omitting a few lines of the descriptive; we thought it better to do so.—We hope to hear from you again.

CARRO.—We publish your article with some slight alteration.

M. J. D.—Your lines are crowded out this month; we will endeavor to give them place in some future number; we think however that you would do better at writing prose. Try it.

LOOK AT THIS!

As our first number is nearly exhausted, we now offer the Lily at a greatly reduced price.—We will take TWENTY FIVE CENTS a copy for the remainder of the year beginning with the March or April number, and send all of the back numbers as long as we have them.

We hope our readers will interest themselves in our behalf, and send on a good list of new subscribers at the above rates. Those who send first will get the back numbers.

Notice to Subscribers.

In taking subscriptions for the Lily payment in advance was not in all cases exacted in this volume; consequently there is quite an amount due us, which it is now necessary for us to collect.—We hope our subscribers will not put us under the necessity of calling upon them personally for it, and that we shall not have occasion to allude to the matter again. We cannot think there is any who will withhold the small amount due us. Those indebted will greatly oblige us by calling at the Post Office and handing the same to D. C. Bloomer, who is authorized to receive it.

New Law in Wisconsin.

The young and thriving State of Wisconsin, is about to make a generous effort to free its borders from the evils of the liquor traffic. Its legislature has passed a law making the dealers in spirituous liquors responsible for all the damages the community or individuals may sustain by reason of such traffic, they are to support all paupers, widows, and orphans, and pay the expenses of all civil and criminal prosecutions growing out of, or justly attributable to such traffic. No person is to vend spirituous liquors, until he shall have given a bond for one thousand dollars, with three sureties, that he will comply with the above conditions, and in all suits upon such bond, proof that the liquor was sold or given away to the persons whose actions are complained of, shall be sufficient. All notes and obligations given for liquors, are declared void. The law contains several other provisions designed to carry it out, but these are the leading ones.

Whether this law will be enforced, remains to be seen. We are inclined to think that it will.—Persons smarting from the evils of intemperance will be very likely to resort to the remedy it provides. That it is right in principle, none can deny. Rum-sellers ought to be held responsible for the ruin and death they bring upon community, just as much as are railroad and stage owners, for the dangers caused to property and life, by the prosecution of their business. We are glad at any rate that the experiment of such a law is to be made.

GOVERNOR BRIGGS.—It is truly gratifying to read the accounts of the doings of this great and good man. We almost envy the people of Massachusetts, the possession of such a Chief Magistrate. What would be thought of a governor in New York, who should go about making temperance speeches? We only wish we could secure one who would make the trial. We believe he would do more good, and win a more undying fame, than often falls to the lot of the mere politician, be he ever so great or powerful.

The Salem Gazette thus speaks of an address recently delivered in that city, by Gov. Briggs:—

"Every man, woman, and child, we believe, who listened to the Governor's address, felt, at its close, the profoundest conviction of the duty of total abstinence. May this conviction be cherished and obeyed! Could all the magistrates and people of Salem, feel, cherish, and obey such a conviction, what a blessing it would be to our city! Truly, as the Governor said, there would not be on the face of this earth a happier city. It was a noble spectacle to behold the Chief Magistrate of a great Commonwealth thus mingling with the people and exerting his vigorous powers for their

well being and solid happiness. No governor ever appeared with more real dignity than Gov. Briggs on this occasion. To some the parade ground or battle field might seem a more dignified scene of action. Not so, in the sight of God and good men.

THE LITERARY UNION.—This is the title of a new literary weekly paper, published in Syracuse, the second and third numbers of which are before us. It is in quarto form, containing 16 pages, and makes a fine appearance. It is designed to be an independent paper, and reformatory in its character. It is edited with ability, and bids fair to become a valuable accession to our periodical literature. W. W. Newman proprietor, J. M. Winchel and James Johnnot, editors. Terms \$2 a year in advance.

WRIGHT'S CASSETT, of pleasing and useful information, for the Mothers and Daughters of America. Devoted to universal education, the education of mothers, the promotion of home joys, the influence of Women, and human improvement.

This highly useful and interesting paper is published monthly, at Philadelphia, at the low price of 25 cents a year. It is a large sheet, neatly printed, and filled with matter which is both entertaining and instructive. We wish that a copy of it might be placed in every family.

The last number contains a call to the "friends of common schools, and of universal education throughout the Union, to meet in Convention at the city of Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 22d day of August next, for the promotion of this paramount interest of our Republican Institutions."

The call has the approval of a large number of talented and influential men. We would publish it entire, but space will not permit.

"NED BUNTLINE'S OWN."—This excellent paper is sent us regularly every week, for which we are under many obligations. Among our numerous exchanges, there is none more gladly welcomed, or read with more interest. Ned is a gallant fellow, and does his work with a steady hand. "Firm in the right cause," is his motto. We like his independent and fearless course, and admire the spirit with which he dares to do battle in defence of right. We cannot wonder that the minions of vice and immorality, quail and tremble, under the heavy blows which he inflicts upon them, with such hearty good will.

The "Own" is of a large size, and illustrated weekly with handsome engravings. Published in New York, and edited by E. Z. C. Judson, at three dollars a year.

Written for the Lily.

The Monster Intemperance.

We often hear it said that "the temperance papers have become quite uninteresting, and not worth taking, because every thing has been said that can be said on the subject, and it has become an old story." But it appears strange to me, that there can be those who feel no interest in reading of the many plans and exertions which are daily being made by the nobler part of our country, to exterminate that fell destroyer, intemperance.—To my mind it is a subject that will never become uninteresting, or it at least will not while it is dragging so many to an untimely grave. And to whom can it be more interesting than to the fe-

male part of community? when we see so many of our sex made wretched by beholding those whom they love best on earth, becoming every day less like men, and more like brutes.

It is as important a subject as can be presented to man, and one which interests all. One which has carried misery, either directly or indirectly, to the heart of almost every individual,—one that has caused more sorrow and tears than all other causes put together,—one that has caused more crime and bloodshed than pen can depict or tongue proclaim,—one that has, in connexion with the other great evil of our nation, [Slavery] slackened the reins of justice, and blotted from the hearts of men all traits of honor and humanity, and caused a stain to be cast on our country's name, which will take years to remove. It has trampled down the rich as well as the poor. Statesmen have become its victims. Professional men have fallen, even into the ditch. It has caused the most innocent and beautiful of our sex to suffer, weep, and die, broken-hearted. It has caused men to murder their bosom companions, and tender offspring. It has caused the stately and beautiful form of man, to become too loathsome an object to look upon. It has filled our jails and poor houses with criminals and paupers. It has carried many to the gallows. It has made rich men poor, honest men rogues, and Christians blasphemers. It would be impossible here to enumerate all the evils that have been caused by intemperance. And shall we ever weary in our exertions to save our fellow creatures from such a monster? Some may ask what we can do to exterminate this evil. I will tell them what we can do: we can set a good example, and never set the wine before others, or taste it ourselves, even on a New Year's day. If we are at a party where wine, or other liquors are offered to the guests, (and to their shame be it said that there are still those who will invite their young friends to visit them, and then thoughtlessly bring in the tempter among them, when they know that degradation and ruin follow its path,) we should never be ashamed to refuse tasting, and giving our reasons for so doing, in a clear and candid manner. The very act of our doing so might save some, from a premature and dishonorable grave. And it will never lower us, even in the estimation of those who think it "no harm to drink a little."

And there are many other things that we, even we can do, to advance the cause of temperance. If the Ladies in every place would exert themselves, and become interested in this great and mighty object, they would soon find work enough to do; and future generations might yet tell of the noble exploits of "Woman" in her exertions to save her country from intemperance and ruin.

Montezuma, March, 1849.

S. R. T.

For the Lily.

It was one of Judea's loveliest nights. Castle and cottage, dome and turret, field and garden were glittering in the rays of the moon's silvery light, and the stars gazed with rapture from their thrones on high upon this scene of beauty and magnificence. Soft were the zephyrs that lightly sported with shrub and flower. The gardens of Palestine were glittering with dew-gemmed flowers, "and silent rose the incense from every folded bush." It was like a night in Heaven, so se-

renely calm and beautiful. The low winds, sighed through the trees in notes soft as the tones of harps tuned by angelic choirs on high. It was a night when every heart must be raised in silent adoration to him "from whom all blessings flow." Surely pain and sorrow can find no place amid such scenes of loveliness! But hark! whose low moan do we hear? Whose stifled sigh is wafted upon the still air of night?

In the garden of Gethsemane nigh unto the mount of Olives a strong man knelt in prayer.—A man upon whom the hand of grief was most heavily laid. He prays, and the tears from his eye-lids start like drops of summer rain. And as he prays his words become audible—"Father if thou be willing remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." Being in agony he prays again more earnestly, "and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." He bends his meek and lowly head to the ground, and in silence weeps. But now a sound is heard, deep in the still night, "like the rustling of pinions as they softly stay their flight," and sweet seraph-like voices are wafted upon the wings of the wind, in words of comfort and consolation. * * * He came forth from out the garden renewed in spirit, ready and willing that the ordeal should come.—His last prayer is, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Albion, April, 1849.

CARRO.

Our acknowledgments are due to Mrs. L. A. Jenkins, C. C. Robinson, G. C. Hamlin, and G. M. Palmer, for their good wishes, and efforts in our behalf, for which they have our thanks.

R. B. Whitaker, will please excuse us for that little Miss-take. It was done through carelessness; we knew better.

Son's Anniversary.

The fourth annual address before the Division of the Sons of Temperance in this village, will be delivered at the Division Room on Saturday evening, May 12, by THURLOW W. BROWN, Editor of the Cayuga Chief.

Extract from a Private Letter.

ROCHESTER, Feb., 1849.

* * * * We are much pleased with the enterprise in which you are engaged, and although an arduous undertaking, hope you will be encouraged to persevere, for those who enlist in a good cause seldom fail of success. We much need something of the kind, and let me say I do believe there is sufficient talent and influence among those of our own sex if it be called into action, to sustain a paper like yours, and that abundant success will attend the enterprise.—Woman has done much, and it is in her power to accomplish much more, by raising the degraded of her own sex, and bringing from obscurity talents that would do honor to the literary world. And shall these be left to waste an existence as it were, which might be active and useful in this great cause, which is dear to the heart of every true philanthropist? * * * We as a "Union," have resolved to add to the interest of our meetings by reading pieces from the Lily. They are listened to with much interest. * * *

Respectfully yours,

True religion speaks in actions more than words, and manifests itself chiefly in the common temper of life.

For the Lily.

"Pray without ceasing."—1st Thes., 5, 17.

Kneel and pray to God above,
Kneel and supplicate his love,
Kneel and Christ your Lord adore,
Kneel and pray for ever more.

Kneel mortals, and thus entreat,
Kneel before the mercy seat,
Kneel sinners, for all have need,
Kneel and humbly intercede.

Kneel and pray, that God may hear,
Kneel in love, but not with fear,
Kneel in humble, contrite prayer,
Kneel and ask God's blessing there.

Kneel and pray his mercies shed,
Kneel and ask your daily bread,
Kneel and praise God's holy Son;
Kneel and thank the blessed One.

Kneel and beg his love to give,
Kneel and pray for grace to live,
Kneel, that God may grant your prayer,
Kneel, for God is every where.

Kneel and look to Christ above,
Kneel and seek his holy love,
Kneel and trust; and ever crave,
Kneel, for Christ will surely save.

Kneel and mourn, for all the past,
Kneel, that grace may ever last,
Kneel: pray to be forgiven,
Kneel, supplicate for heaven.

Kneel, that death may stingless be,
Kneel, that Christ may strengthen thee,
Kneel, depending on his grace,
Kneel your Saviour to embrace.

Kneel in faith, and thus depend,
Kneel and trust in Christ, your friend;
Kneel and hear the spirit's teaching,
Kneel and "pray without ceasing."

From the Genesee Olio.

"IF WE ONLY HAD A PIANO."

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

"This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cosily in the rocking chair, as the tea-things were removed. The fire glowed in the grate, revealing a prettily and neatly furnished sitting room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying, what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife Esther took her work, and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he said, again taking a satisfactory survey of his snug little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present enjoyments.

"Now, if we only had a piano!" said the wife.

"Give me the music of your sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he declared, complimentarily, despite a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for one's friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come and see us, and not to hear a piano!" exclaimed her husband.

"But George, everybody has a piano, now-a-days; we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for; you will have no time to play on one, and I don't like to hear it."

"Why, they are very fashionable—I think our room looks really naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," he said, after a long pause.

"When are you going to get a solar lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther, pettishly.

"Those will do."

"But you know, everybody, now-a-days, wants solar lamps."

"Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw; they were bought at Boston."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without a solar lamp," said the wife, sharply; "they are so fashionable; why, the D—s, B—s, and A—s, all have them. I am sure we ought to."

"We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason for that." The husband moved uneasily in his chair. "We want to live within our means, Esther," exclaimed George.

"I am sure I should think we could afford it as well as the B—s, and L—s, and many others we might mention; we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean!—I am not mean!" he cried angrily.

"Then you do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room, and make it like others, we want a piano and a solar lamp."

"We want—we want!"—muttered the husband; "there is no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may!" and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many homes and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions! How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities! If the real cause of many a failure could be made known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demand of fashion, and what will people say of us?

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, prudence, and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion, bitterly, "by useless extravagance, and repining when I was doing well." What a world does this open of the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence small. It is too common for young-housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skilfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step farther, and visit the homes of the poor and suffering; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, an absence of the comforts and refinements of social life; then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate that toil and self-denial which he has endured in his business world to surround you with all the delights of home; then you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears lest family expenditures may encroach upon public payments.

Be independent. A young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does to resist that arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A—s, and D—s decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford; then decide with strict integrity ac-

cording to your means. Let not the censures or approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you hardly think you can afford; then decide with strict integrity according to your means. It matters little what they think, provided you are true to yourself and family.

Thus pursuing an independent, straight forward consistent course of action, there will spring up peace and joy all around you. Satisfied and happy yourself, you will make your husband so, and your children will feel the warm and sunny influence. Happy at home your husband can go out into the world with a clear head and a self-relying spirit; domestic bickering will not sour his heart, and he will return to you again with a confiding and unceasing love. Depend upon it, beauty, grace, wit, accomplishments, have far less to do with family comfort, than prudence, economy, and good sense. A husband may get tired of admiring, but never with the comfortable consciousness that his receipts exceed his demands.

MEDICAL ADVICE.—"Doctor," said a gentleman to his family physician, "I have been in the habit of taking brandy at my dinner for a number of years; but I lately for the sake of my neighbors, and by way of example, have quit it altogether, suddenly, and I am afraid it will injure my health. What do you think of it?"

"Sir," said the doctor, "I never saw you look better than you do now."

"I am not sick exactly; but I feel an uneasiness in my stomach, something like the dyspepsia."

"Then I would advise you to take an emetic," said the physician.

"O sir I am not sick enough for that; but I was thinking a teaspoonful of brandy or gin might relieve me, as I stopped it all at once."

"Indeed, sir," said the uncompromising physician, "I cannot give you this advice; for having made so many drunkards in the early part of my practice, I have determined never to advise ardent spirits as a medicine as long as I live."

PROTECTION TO MARRIED WOMEN.—There is a kind of protection much needed by a certain class of married women, which the philanthropy of legislators has somehow overlooked. We mean that which is required by unfortunate wives, with dissipated husbands, whose earnings are habitually taken from them by their legal masters to minister to their depraved appetites. It is hard indeed for a poor woman, who has earned a few shillings for washing or sewing, to see herself and children robbed by a drunken husband. Is there no "protection" for such? There are multitudes of them to be found in every city in the land.

[Tribune.]

Temperance House, AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no efforts will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.
ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.

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